

G.P.H.S.



YEAR BOOK
1946 - 1947

Lawrence Burgess

*Dedicated to the
Graduating Students
of the Class
of 1947*

RALPH ENG

TEDDY LIPINSKI

JACK MCFETRIDGE

MURIEL SHARPE

VERNON ROSE

PAT WILSON

NORMAN COOKSHAW

KAE MURRAY

BILL MINCHIN

LORENE RAISON

ALICE WOOD

DOROTHY WATSON

HELEN WEIBE

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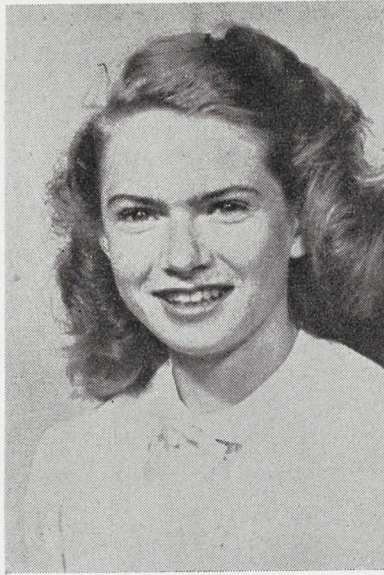
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EDITORIAL

Another school year with its work, play, and companionship is drawing to a close. In a few days books will be put aside for two months' holiday and we will all be free to rest and enjoy ourselves.

Some of you are leaving the school never to return. We who remain wish you "bon voyage"; may your ambitions be fulfilled. To you we have dedicated this Year Book. It is our desire that it will help you to retain pleasant memories and that the snaps and captions will remind you of friends made during your sojourn here.

—AGNES LAWLOR.



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PRINCIPAL

MRS. FINLAYSON

GRANDE PRAIRIE HIGH SCHOOL TEACHING STAFF



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MRS. GRAY



MR. MEEN



MRS. MELSNESS



MR. PATON



PRINCIPAL'S MESSAGE

"Yet all experience is an arch where thro'
Gleams that untravelled world whose margin fades
Forever and forever as I move."

Tennyson, in his poem *Ulysses*, puts these words into the mouth of the hero. In them we find the spirit which has brought mankind far along the road of civilization. For in spite of the fact that we still live in a very imperfect world, man has made a great deal of progress in the few thousand years during which he has inhabited this earth. Most of that progress has been due to the fact that some men in every generation were not satisfied with things as they found them, and they strove to improve both themselves and their environment. This urge to better himself is still strong in man, and will be one of the important factors in any future progress just as it has been in the past.

Complacency is a dangerous thing. To become content with one's self and one's surroundings brings an end to progress. Or when a man begins to feel that he is perfect, and that when anything goes wrong it is someone else's fault, that man will no longer make any useful contribution to the improvement of the community, the nation, or the world.

More than anything else, education ought to help to keep alive the desire for self-improvement, and should reveal the opportunities which lie ahead. The more you study and learn, the more you will realize how great are the fields of man's knowledge and experience, and you will want to share in some of these. As with *Ulysses*, you will find that when you reach the goal you have now set for yourself new horizons will beckon you on still further.

To all the students of G.P.H.S., and especially to the Graduates of the Class of 1947, we wish the best of success in life. May you heed the call to explore new horizons, and in the words of the poet

"..... be strong in will
To strive, to seek, to find, and not to yield."



VALEDICTORY

Today, we as graduates of G.P.H.S., are about to launch forth upon life's uncharted seas. Before casting off from the shore it is well to pause a moment, to reflect upon what has been accomplished, to scan the pathway ahead. Valedictory is the pause for reminiscing, the taking farewell of this one phase of our life, the contemplating of what is before us.

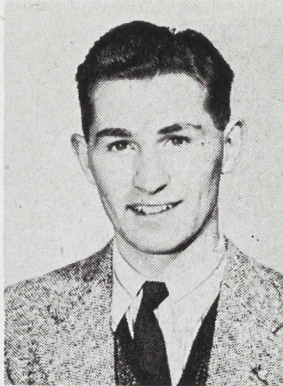
There are memories today.

Four years ago we entered G.P.H.S. We followed knowledge as a guiding star. At the same time we found friendships—friendships which will last a lifetime; we found sympathy and understanding in our teachers—influences which will control many of our destinies; we learned co-operation in our games and social activities; these will serve us well in our future contact with the outside world. Thus, our Alma Mater has given us: liberally of knowledge, understanding, sympathy and co-operation, all of which has made us what we are. It is with regret that we say farewell to our school, our friends, and our teachers, but it is with anticipation that we look to the future.

Today we go into the world—a world unknown to us; but we face it with enthusiasm, with hope, and with an eager desire to taste of that which it has in store for us. Let us cling fast to the ideals that have been instilled in us, so that we may know the goal, and discern the path ahead. Then when duty irks and we become weary and we fain would leave the narrow way, may we yet hold on to what we know is right and keep to the obscure path before us. Let us follow the road of life, enjoying it as we go, and eventually reach the heights which are our destiny.

DOROTHY WATSON.

GRADUATES



ALICE WOOD:

Alice is the quiet type,
Although at times you'd wonder.
As far as teaching is concerned,
She will seldom make a blunder.

JACK McFETRIDGE:

Always diligent, joking and true,
Ambition and intelligence is
nothing new,
Pleasant in what're you do,
So Jack, here's to you.



TEDDY LIPINSKI:

He seems so quiet, reserved and
shy,
In such demeanour no guile
could lie,
But first appearance can't be
trusted,
For we soon found his wit is not
rusted.

MURIEL SHARPE:

Muriel doesn't say much, but
Does everything that's going,
From swimming in summer, to
Skating when it's snowing.



HELEN WEIBE:

Helen's the envy of all the girls,
With her shining, golden curls,
A friend worth while, a girl
true blue,
A worker, a pal, a good sport,
too.

RALPH ENG:

And still we gaze,
And still the wonder grows,
That one small head,
Could carry all he knows.



PAT WILSON:

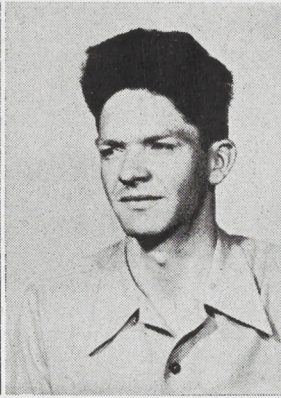
Puts her best into her work,
And is never known to shirk.
Firm of purpose, word and deed,
In teaching we all are sure you
will succeed.

DOROTHY WATSON:

On learning her lessons she can't
be beat,
Always high marks and never
defeat.
Coquettish and happy is this
lass,
She is one of the brightest in
the class.

**KAE MURRAY:**

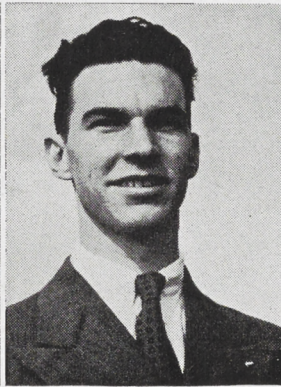
The better half is a golden
blonde,
That puts Bill's heart in a flurry
Clever and gay is our Kae,
A Scotsman's daughter-Murray.

**BILL MINCHIN:**

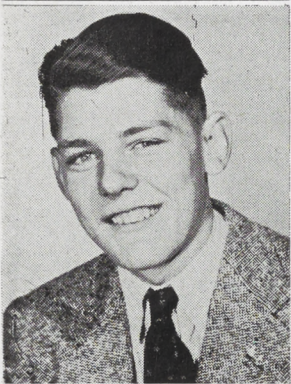
This will be his lesser half,
His better half comes later.
Outstanding are the freckles
and laugh,
The brain is even greater.

**LORENE RAISON:**

From a quiet miss to a gay
butterfly,
Is that Air Force boy the
reason why?

**NORMAN COOKSHAW:**

I know my hair is black and
wavy,
And the girls are all so sweet.
But my heart is back in
Lethbridge,
For I miss my Margarite.

**VERNON ROSE:**

Vernon rose to the dizzy
heights,
Of High School president.
An untiring lad, with spirit
glad,
A worthwhile term he's spent.

He who knows not and knows not that he knows not, is a fool—shun him.
He who knows not and knows that he knows not, is a child—teach him.
He who knows and knows not that he knows is asleep—wake him.
He who knows and knows that he knows, is a wise man—follow him.

—Oriental Proverb.

UNDERGRADUATES

JOHN BISHOP:

John Bishop is our efficient young lad,
Sees humor in all events that pass.
A real go-getter, a studious sort,
He is one of our classes A-one sports.

ARLIE CONLEY:

Full of wit of a roguish style,
One of our most popular gals.
Who could resist that sunny smile,
Bestowed on all her pals.

GERRY DUNCAN:

Gerry seems to thrive,
On music and jive.
To be at school on time he certainly
strives,
But it's frequently later when he arrives.

MARY FUNNELL:

Just as a light at eventide,
Transforms a darkening room.
So does her loyal, cheery smile,
Dispel our thoughts of gloom.

GENEVA DeMARE:

With talents she is gifted well,
And as a sport she chalks a score.
What the Fates decree we cannot tell,
But wish her happiness galore.

OLIVE GILLESPIE:

She's got eyes of blue, she's pretty, too,
And her hair has a golden gleam.
She's never weary, always cheery,
That's our Gillespie.

FLORENCE LEE:

A friend to you,
A friend to me.
This lovely girl
Is Florence Lee.

EILEEN MORRISON:

Conscientious, quiet and true,
Always gets her work done, too.
Helpful, kindly, friendly, gay,
She'll be a good nurse one day.

RITA MILES:

Tall and dark,
With laughter gay.
An excellent nurse,
She'll make some day.

RUTH PEEBLES:

Full of pep and vigor,
Always in a hurry.
Always works with vigor,
Never has a worry.

EDITH SPRY:

This dark, petite, mademoiselle,
At everything she does well.
She'll get long well we know,
Because she is kind to friend or foe.

LAWRENCE BURGESS:

Lawrence in school, he simply flies,
Quiet?—he seldom says a word,
But the twinkle in his eyes
Belies the volumes never heard.

JOAN DAHL:

She's the kind of pal to show you fun;
The kind of a friend to be a good chum.
Will be the kind of nurse to save your
life,
The kind of a girl to be a good wife.

BETTY DIDOW:

Nursing is first with Betty
We've often heard her say.
But circumstances make us wonder
Where does that true love rate.

GWEN FUNNELL:

Gwen Funnell, our blue eyed bomber,
She's not too short, couldn't be taller
Where Arthur is you'll always find her.

DESMOND GEORGE:

Behold him single in a classroom,
Yon studious, ambitious lad.
Reaping and learning ne'er too soon,
For his exams he aims to pass.

AGNES LAWLOR:

Conscientious, charming and true,
Working till there's nought to do.
Friendly, cheerful, helpful, gay,
She'll make a dandy nurse some day.

HOWARD LIGHTFOOT:

Peppy and bright and full of life,
Known in G.P.H.S. by everyone.
Always a worker, never a shirker,
Ready to share a good time.

DON NOYES:

Now I sit me down in class to sleep,
I hope my chum my notes will keep.
Should I be called before I wake,
Please poke my ribs for pity sake.

MARGARET O'BRIEN:

I think that I shall never see,
A girl as full as pep as thee.
Who works her very best all day,
And after all is bright and gay.

UNA POWELL:

Here's to our conscientious friend,
 Outspoken that's true;
 But when it comes to working hard,
 There's nothing Una can't do.

JEAN STRINGER:

Jean's 5ft. 5 and nearly blonde,
 And all her lovely curls are gone.
 A feather cut she did one day,
 But her smile and personality will always
 stay.

LORANE SWALLOW:

Of gleaming smile and sparkling eye,
 And personality bewitching.
 But when there's lots of work to do,
 Our Les is in there pitching.

DEANE TOEWS:

Full of vim and vigor,
 Full of tricks and pranks.
 Toews keeps our spirits up
 To him we render thanks.

ALBERT GIVEN:

Lean and lanky with red hair and all
 Ab lost his footing, and had a big fall
 The next four months he spent in his bed,
 And when he came back, why he'd grown
 a head (taller that is).

BILL LESLIE:

Bill seems so quiet
 With his voice soft and low
 But is Bill shy of girls?
 Well, just ask Joyce Partlow.

ALAN MILLS:

With a meek nature,
 And light brown hair.
 He's short and jolly,
 With nary a care.

ALEX ROBERTSON:

Just look at the avid gleam,
 In those dark blue wolfish eyes.
 He's just seen another dream (girl),
 Just listen to those sighs!

SHIRLEY SUTHERLAND:

A kind disposition,
 A jolly round face,
 Our Shirley
 Has what it takes.

KENT ROGERS:

Our Kent is good at sports and such,
 And good at dancing too.
 So altogether there isn't much
 This agile lad can't do.

ROY HARPER:

Roy is our tenor
 He's handsome and fair
 Where Miss Martin goes
 Our Roy's sure to be there.

FRANK TISSINGTON:

I love to dance, I love my car,
 Which I drive each day to school.
 And when it's filled with boys and girls,
 The girls take the front as the rule.

RUDY CEPELA:

Pug-nose, freckles and the cutest grin,
 He's one all round good fella.
 He hikes and bikes—the sportsman type,
 His name is Rudy Cepela.

BOB LITTLETON:

A ton of fun (that's no pun),
 Full of jokes and laughter.
 He does his Trig. as best he can,
 And hopes a "pass" comes after.

ART WAEFLER:

He's tall and brown haired,
 With eyes of gray-green.
 And often as not,
 At the ball games he's seen.

STUDENTS NOT COMPLETING THE
SCHOOL YEAR:

Elsie Kerby	Jack O'Brien
Sam Lowe	Alvin Dunbeck
Gilbert Burton	Gordon Pearcy

A Peanut crawled on the railroad track,
 His heart was all a flutter,
 Along came a freight train,
 Toot! Toot!—Peanut Butter.

No woman, says a philosopher, really makes a fool out of a man, but she can sure give him an opportunity to develop his natural capacities.

It is a wise mother that knows as much about her daughter as the neighbors do.

Grade XI

SUBJECT	TITLE	AUTHOR	INTRODUCTION	CLIMAX	CONCLUSION
Dorothy Dunfield	Red	Rae Waefler	January, 1931	Red Hair	Her-Rae for Dot
Joan Watts	Billie	Just a dream (sog!)	January, 1931	Pep	Nurse
Darlene Conley	Darey	Neil Sissons	August, 1932	Eyes	Journalist
Fanny Miller	Scotty	Norman Edwards	September, 1929	Eyes	Nurse
Arnold Cavett	Cuddles	Eleanor Waefler	February, 1931	Personality	Half-educated bum
Keith Boyd	Shorty	That's a laugh!	December, 1930	Just Keith!	Uneducated loafer
Doreen Gillespie	Dodo	Bob Lowe	October, 1930	Smile	Nurse
David Howes	Dave	Lorraine Partlow	March, 1929	Hair and smile	Minister
Nancy Boyd	Skipper	Blimkie	May, 1930	Eyes	Nurse
Norma Freebury	Freebury	Des George	March, 1930	Smile	Nurse
Mary Campbell	Campbell	Keith Boyd (?)	March, 1930	Eyes	Teacher
Ronald Cavett	Ron	Betty Funnell	February, 1931	Frog-singing	Teacher
Norman Adwards	Dimples	Fanny Miller	November, 1930	Chuckle & eyes	A Miller
Harold Noyes	McGoon	McGoon	July, 1930	Noyes (or noise)	Music Teacher
Agnes Emily Wood	Nancy	Ralph Leonard Eng	May, 1930	Eyes	Wife of Ambassador
Mary Hoggarth	Ho (ho, ho, ho!)	Just a dream	March, 1929	Wit and tongue	Eng
Joseph Laden	Joseph P.	Nina Yakimuk	March, 1929	Brains	Nurse
Rosie Amundson	Rosie	Ole	April, 1928	Smile	Philosopher
Jean Paton	Paton	Marcel Albinati	October, 1930	Smile	Nurse
Roy Gouchv	Gouchey	O.G., O.G., D.C., J.W.	November, 1929	looks (or sideburns)	Mountie (oh)
Olive Gerow	Mo	Just a dream	December, 1929	Orange hair	Nurse
Pat Redwood	Redwood	Stuart Langdon	May, 1930	Eye-lashes	Nurse
Martha Wurtz	Mickey	Jim Boyd	July, 1929	Figure	Nurse
Steve Gordy	Stinkment	Joyce Grumly	December, 1929	Voice	Farmer
Robert Lowe	Grim	Doreen Gillespie	June, 1930	Good nature	Farmer
Barbara Bailey	Barbs	Robert Klassen	February, 1931	Spiced tongue	Nurse
Kathleen Balisky	Kate	Your guess is as good as mine.	May, 1929	Brains	Hairdresser
Gladys Kokosha	Blondie	She won't tell	April, 1929	Complexion	Stenographer
Marion Keeping	Porky	Harry Bulford	December, 1929	Figure	Teacher
Janet MacDonald	Gypsy	Andy or Max	March, 1930	Hair	Educated loafer
Leonard Steinke	Spud	Unknown	17 years ago	Grim	Softball player
Rae Waefler	Woofler	Dorothy D.	16 years ago	Smile	Dorothy D.
Jo Lamb	Slim	John B.	16 years ago	Figure	Nurse
Joan Oliver	Queenie	Laurie L.	17 years ago	Personality	C.F.G.P.
Marjory Piper	Marg.	A. Driver	17 years ago	Height	Trucking
Joyce Hnatuik	Red	Jimmy W.	17 years ago	Personality	Settle down
Betty Lou Summers	Loui	Benny	17 years ago	Eyebrows	Settle down
Lorraine Partlow	Lo	David Howes	17 years ago	Hubba! Hubba!	Seamstress
Janet Bellamy	Pudge	Opus No. 1	17 years ago	Boys	Business
George Simpson	Flash	Banff, Dawson, Peace River	17 years ago	Whistle	Pilot
Ivan Ford	Curly	Shirley DeWitt	18 years ago	Hair	Hamburger grinder
Hope Fredette	Hopie	????	16 years ago	Complexion	Mathematician
Betty Funnell	Chucky	Ronald C.	17 years ago	Disposition	Guitar player
Lloyd Hutt	Bode	June B.	16 years ago	Voice	Singer

DORM DOINGS

Activities at the Dorm began with the beginning of school on September third. After moving in and unpacking, we found that we had thirty-four boys supervised by Ralph Eng and forty-five girls under the supervision of Miss Reid and Miss Rogers.

After the first few days of confusion, life soon settled down to a regular routine with each of us trying his or her best to become accustomed to the rules and regulations. With the help of the "Old Timers," the "green-horns" soon learned the smaller things such as being on time for meals, not sitting on the beds, to study in our two hours allotted for study, and, of course, that painful rule that says "be in at 10 o'clock, and we don't mean 10:01 or 10:30!"

The Dorm social activities began on September 25th in the form of a dance; thereafter, we tried to have at least one party a month. Some parties were not well attended but some were such as the Sleigh Riding Party of December 4th which was, perhaps, the most memorable of all our "doins." Two large sleighs pulled by tractors took us for an enjoyable ride after which we danced and had lunch at the C.V.T. hut.

The Theatre party of February 13th was another of the more outstanding events of the year when nearly seventy-nine Dormitory students saw the movie "The Virginian."

Two of the most successful Dorm dances were the "Dorm Open House" party and the dance which the Dorm organized for Teen Town. Both dances were held in the C.V.T. hut and a spirit of friendliness and fun prevailed among the many attendants.

The sports at the Dormitory during the winter were at a low ebb with only a few boys playing hockey and a few skating. Early spring brought the curling bonspiel and many of us at the Dorm tried our hand at the game. In this bonspiel one of the winning rinks was skipped by John Heiken, a Dorm boy. Later when the snow disappeared we began to play ball. We had a Dorm League consisting of six mixed teams. We also had two boys teams and many girls in the High School League who played, not for the glory of winning, but only for the fun of the game.

With the end of the school term quickly approaching, many of us find ourselves looking back on 1946-47 at the Dormitory as a year well spent.

Where can a man buy a cap for his knee?
Or a key for the lock in his hair?
Can his eyes be called an academy
Because there are pupils there?
In the crown of his head what gems are found?
Who crosses the bridge of his nose?
Can he use when shingling the roof of his mouth
The nails in the ends of his toes?
Can the crook in his elbow be sent to jail?
And if so what did it do?
How does he sharpen his shoulder blades?
I'm sure I don't know, do you?

Laugh and the teacher laughs with you,
Laugh and you laugh alone.
First, the joke is the teacher's,
Second, the joke is your own.

Grade X

Alvin Kokosha: he is a silent yokum and hopes to be an engineer.
 Bobby Burgess: he is stuck on Joyce and hopes to "beat" his rival in grade nine.
 Jean Lobe: she is the dark, mysterious type and hopes to be a nurse.
 Calvin Baliski: he is a real muscle man and hopes to be a technician.
 Chester Walden: he is our brain and hopes to be an educated hobo.
 Mabel Tofteland: she is as good natured as they come and we hope she will remain that way.
 Verna Pring: she is "the giggle" and hopes to be a telegraph-operator.
 Joyce Partlow: she is "wolf-bait" and hopes to keep her man.
 Dale O'Brien: he is a 95-lb. terror and hopes some day to be 100 lbs..
 George Rose: he is gifted with gab and hopes to be an electrical engineer.
 Elma Dale: she is a teacher's dream (quiet) and hopes to be a nurse.
 Johnny Putters: he is noted for his "dark eyes," and hopes to study refrigeration and do a little UNfreezing.
 Bob Neufeld: is our dream man and hopes to be a bachelor.
 Kay Hunt: she is constantly with Ken and hopes to (can you guess??).
 Ray McLean: he is a quiet hepcat and hopes to be a hangman and watch them dance.
 Wilfred Lemky: he is called "cuddles" by some and hopes to run his father's station.
 Mary Jean Carlisle: she is "Miss Legs" and hopes to be a journalist.
 Pat O'Hara: she is "The Look" and hopes to become a lawyer.
 Laurie Robertson: he is king of P.T. class and hopes to be a gym instructor.
 Pearl Tracy: she gets her homework done!!! She hopes to be a teacher.
 Julia Zadorozory: she has a lovely complexion and hopes to be a stenographer.
 Marion Leslie: she has great, big beautiful eyes and hopes to live with relatives.
 Edmund McIntosh: he is "swoon-sation" from Dorm and hopes to make Broadway.
 Verla Story: she has a dark, auburn crowning glory and is to be a stenographer.
 Kate McEwen: she is wacky over Glen and hopes to be a farmer's wife.
 Heather Gowre: she is noted for her shining hair and hopes to study medicine.
 Jim Moon: he is called "moonbeam" and hopes to live up to his nickname (romantically).
 Harold Frazer: he is a frame behind a pair of glasses, hopes to be grease-monkey.
 Joyce Grumbley: he is a sweater girl and hopes to be a stenographer.
 Dora Rodie: she is a redhead and hopes to be a traveller.
 Dolores Probst: she is the friendly type and hopes to be a nurse.
 Joan Morrison: she is Ray's dream-girl and hopes to be a lab technician.
 Marion Duncan: she is often seen with Barney? and hopes to be a telegraph-operator.
 Phylliss Reynolds: she is tall, dark and pretty and hopes to be a cowgirl.
 Betty Lucas: says—"I wish I were dead," she hopes to be a teacher.
 Bessie Gillard: says—"Oh my shattered nerves," hopes to be a teacher.
 Jean Knox: says—"Oh I don't know," she hopes to become a stenographer.
 Irene Samuelson: she is called "Sammy" and hopes to be a nurse.
 Alice Stevenson: she is called "Steve" and she hopes to become a nurse.
 Eleanor Waefler: she is called "Susie" and hopes to be a stewardess.
 Ann Wilson: says—"Last days of Pompei," she hopes to be a nurse.
 Marget Lindholt: she is called Maggie and she hopes to be a bank manager.
 Wollou Bean: he is very studious and hopes to be an agriculturist.
 Dirk Blom: he is the "quiet" type??? and hopes to be in R.C.M.P.
 Deter Pankow: he is worth his weight in gold and hopes to be an agriculturist.
 Klus Delfs: he is our brain and hopes to be a farmer.
 Joyce Cram: she is short and cute and hopes to be a private secretary.
 Doug Crerar: he is an industrious farmer and hopes to be a plough jockey.
 Vernon Crummy: the boy who always get his homework done (?).
 Bill Didow: is "dark-eyes" and hopes to be a civil engineer.
 Jean Hammer: she is our energetic gal and hopes to be a stenographer.
 Don Hassard: is one of our "brains" and hopes to be a garbage collector.
 Bob Keys: he is the class "clown" and hopes to be a ditch digger.
 Bob Knight: is always late and hopes to be a telegrapher.
 Joan Bishop: another brain (??) and hopes to be a pharmacist.
 Alice O'Brien: is our musician and hopes to be an author.
 Bob Klossun: is attentive in classes (??) and hopes to be a Naval Officer.

(Continued on page 16)



1946-47 FIRST COUNCIL

President	Kent Rogers
Vice-President	Margaret Wilson
Secretary-Treasurer	David Howes
Room Representatives:	
Mr. Melsness' Room	Teddy Lipinsky
Mr. Kujath's Room	Bob Littleton
Mrs. Grey's Room	Joan Watts
Mr. Meens' Room	Agnes Wright
Miss Martin's Room	Alice O'Brien
Mrs. Melsness' Room	John Moore
Editor of Hi-Lites	Agnes Lawlor

OUR THANKS

As school days near the finish
 We think back thru the year
 We've slaved away at Chemistry
 At French and English here.
 And so when we must leave now,
 We find the parting hard,
 For after all it wasn't bad;
 Each teacher was "a card."

They helped us thru the hard spots
 From problems, never ran,
 And stood this bunch of noisy kids
 As only teachers can.
 And so, as we are leaving,
 For each and everyone,
 I'd like to thank our teachers seven
 For all our High School fun.

BILLY WATTS.



SECOND COUNCIL

President	Vernon Rose
Vice-President	Doreen Gray
Treasurer	Teddy Lipinsky
Secretary	Arnold Cavett
Room Representatives:	
Mr. Melsness' Room	Deane Toews
Mr. Kujath's Room	Joan Oliver
Mrs. Gray's Room	Roy Gouchey
Mr. Meens' Room	Bill Didow
Miss Martin's Room	Joyce Partlow
Mrs. Melsness' Room	Becky Howes

IT ISN'T THE SCHOOL—IT'S YOU

If you want to go to the kind of school,
Like the kind of school you like,
You needn't slip your clothes in a grip
And start on a long, long hike,
You'll only find what you've left behind
For there's nothing that's really new.
It's a knock at yourself when you knock
your school
It isn't the school—it's you!

Real schools are not made by men afraid,
Lest someone else get ahead.
When everyone works and nobody shirks,
You can raise a school from the dead.
And if while you make your personal stake,
Your neighbors can make one too,
Your school will be what you want to see;
It isn't the school—it's you!

G.P.H.S. Social Calendar

Another year of school and fun has passed leaving behind another episode in our memories of G.P.H.S. Now that the Year Book is reminding you of various incidents of our 1946-47 high-school life, let us also remember the high school dances.

Our first dance, held in October, was a "Hard Time" dance, and was one of the best dances of the year. Although there was not a large attendance at this party, those who attended (in rags, bags, patches and outcast shoes) enjoyed themselves immensely. Prizes were presented to Norma Freebury and Laurie Robertson for being the "poorest paupers."

In December the annual Christmas Dance was held in the C.V.T. Hut. For this dance the hall was artistically decorated in the traditional Xmas colors and was lighted by two lighted trees. The Harmony Esquires were in attendance and their music blended with the swish of the many pretty formals. During the intermission Christmas Carols were sung after which a speech was given by our president, Kent Rogers. With the excitement of good music, formal dresses and beautiful corsages, this was a "night to remember."

The St. Patrick's dance was held in March. With the addition of appropriate decorations of St. Patrick's day and the many green dresses present there was plenty of the Irish spirit to brighten up the dance.

With April came spring, and with spring came calico—a very good reason to have a Calico dance. However, as usually happens, the weather was not suitable for calico although a few ventured forth in this type of dress.

In conclusion we couldn't forget the most important event of the year, the Graduation dance. This dance will be held on the 5th of June and will be the last party of this term.

Although the end of the year is a happy time for all, I'm sure the students attending G.P.H.S. during 1946-47 will look back a few years hence and remember it as one of the most interesting, enjoyable, and best years of their lives.

AWARDS AND CITATIONS

Best all round student	Jack McFetridge	Most brilliant	Dorothy Watson
Best scientist	Arnold Cavett	Most energetic	George Rose
Best mathematician	Teddy Lipinski	Most serious	Lawrence Burgess
Best stenographer	Mary Campbell	Most lively	Kay Hunt
Best smiler	Betty Lucas	Most quiet	Margaret Wilson
Best public speaker	Hope Fredette	Most handsome	Norman Crookshaw
Best dancer	Jerry Duncan	Most beautiful	Becky Howes
Best sleeper	Don Noyes	Most witty	Roy Harper
Best musician	Margaret O'Brien	Most likely to succeed	John Bishop
Best politician	Desmond George	Most co-operative	Billy Watts
Best athlete	Bob Neufeld	Did most for G.P.H.S.	Agnes Lawlor
Most patient	Alice O'Brien		

GRADE X

(Continued from page 13)

Anne Schock: says—"Skip it" and wants to become a nurse.
 Betty Watson: is called "Red" and hopes to become a stenographer.
 Georgina Cave: is "hayfever" and hopes to become a stenographer.
 Edith Guthrie: is called "Teddy" and hopes to be a stewardess.
 Don Hudson: is the "voice" and hopes to be a mortician.
 Marge Smith: is a gal with a mind of her own and hopes to be a nurse.
 June Bode: always says "Holy-low bossy" and hopes to become a nurse.
 Alice Gabourey: always says "Your not kiddin'" and hopes to be a bookkeeper.

Members of the Grade IX Beehive

BOB DOWLING went in for cooking
Because all the waitresses were good looking.
But the food was a flop—
It tasted like slop,
So now Bob isn't cooking.

His thinking is hard to excel.
No home work for JOHNNY. Do tell !!
Scooters and contraptions he does invent,
Without much excitement he'll ne'er be
content.

Old Satan himself must travel
In that brain that is dense as gravel.
Because only the devil or an earthquake,
Could make JIM such a "mirth-quake."

Pretty FAYE DITCH originally from
Eaglesham,
With help for the needy she's on hand.
Her dancing eyes relate her disposition,
With Mr. Pratt she hopes for a position.

DOROTHY JOHNSON, the brainbox of
girls,
With reading and writing she's in a swirl.
Her morning eggs she always poaches,
And her hobby is collecting brooches.

ALTON is a little boy
Always missing school.
I wonder where he could be
Maybe playing pool?

EVELYN, the blond, is a dream girl,
Her figure, is made up of curves.
It sets all boys in a swirl,
And really gets hard on their nerves.

RUEBEN is a worry to his father,
And sometimes quite a bother.
And in summer during school,
He heads for the nearest swimming pool.

Take some hair as red as his blushes,
Add blue eyes and freckles in gushes.
Now and then a word so-o-o absurd,
Mixed together you get DUNCAN BIRD.

MONA is a charming girl,
In a quiet sort of way.
With smiling lips and cheery word,
She greets you everyday.

ANN, Ann, battered Ann,
Falls off cars and hits her pan,
Singing is her joy and delight,
And this she does with all her might.

Curly hair, tall and lean,
RONALD THOMAS is his name,
Tries to study now and then,
But would rather dream of muscle men.

Back came the test with "A" as marked,
Whiz! flew the puck like streak of spark.
Bright is the life of this supermaninski
Because JACK wants to be a Teddy Lipinski.

Now here's a nice boy and this I'll relate
His dancing blue eyes bring girls to faint.
He has nice curls and he is fourteen,
To tell all, his name is KIRSTEIN!

A dark-haired lass is WILMA COOK,
Who hopes to be a Navy nurse.
She usually has her nose in a book,
But she could do worse.

Who is that blonde, slim lad
Halted in the traffic jam?
It's KIRBY who drives a Chrysler, blue,
And makes us wish he'd look our way, too.

There's a jolly lass, DOREEN,
Who's always on the beam.
To studying not so much inclined,
But she's rarely very far behind.

"DUKE EDMUNDSON" has curly golden
locks,
Who thinks he's flashy with those socks.
Abroad he likes to roam,
He'd accomplish more if he'd stay at home.

KAY MORRISON, blue eyed and blonde,
Flirts with the boys all day long.
An Oldsmobile she loves to drive,
Her friends wonder if she'll survive.

"BECKY" HOWES has many friends,
Brown hair and eyes beauty lends.
She hails from nearby Flying Shot,
And seems to like our school a lot.

DON W. is always playing some prank,
But Nina endures it with a smile.
Whitty is our great mathematician,
His ambition is to be an electrician.

NINA YAKIMUK hails from Sexsmith,
Much nonsense she puts up with.
Famous for her curly hair and smile,
She keeps us happy all the while.

JOHN MOORE is his name,
Recognized by his unruly mane,
Known as the genius of Grade nine,
He keeps the rest of us in line.

There's MARGY WILSON, the artist of
the class,
She's a right good-looking lass.
Her figure is the envy of all girls,
And to top it she has shining curls.

SPORTS

RUGBY: The past year has seen a great revival of sports in G.P.H.S. During the fall there were innumerable rugby enthusiasts. We had several rugby teams in a League and three teams in this league from St. Jo's. The "Champs" of this League were "The Jolly Rogers" who won every game under their captain Kent Rogers.

The climax to the rugby season was the game between G.P.H.S.'s All-Stars and St. Jo's. "Our Team" won 6-0 in a game that was a real thriller. Special mention to Bob Littleton's fine blocking and Rudy Cepela's kicking.

HOCKEY: An Inter-School Hockey League was formed last winter but failed due to the little time the students were allowed on the rinks. A Bouquet to the first council and Mr. Kujath under whose guidance eighty dollars was raised for Sports Equipment.

BONSPIEL: The G.P.H.S. annual bonspiel was a great success. There were twenty-seven rinks entered including two from Clairmont.. The Bonspiel began on a Thursday night and ended on the following Saturday. As a finale the students played the teachers — the students won. The results of the bonspiel were as follows:

GRANDE CHALLENGE: First, Bob Littleton; Second, Clairmont.

WILDFIRE COMPETITION: First, John Heiken; Second, Agnes Wright.

SPRING SPORTS: In the Spring, every boy and girl's fancy turns to thoughts of ball—softball, volleyball and horseshoes. Leagues were formed in the forementioned sports; in the softball league were seven boys teams and four girls teams, and in the volleyball leagues there were five boys teams and three girls teams.

SPORTS ETIQUETTE

After weeks of surveying G.P.H. School's sports activities, the editors of this article have come to the conclusion that the subsequent rules would be approved for any type of sport (even by Emily Post).

1. Pick your teams before Mr. Kujath can organize them.
2. Demand a reshuffle when you get a poor player.
3. Beg for the best position on any team, stating that you have played for three years; even if you have never seen the game before.
4. Never come on time to schedule games, because if you do the game will not be lost by default.
5. Occasionally ask what the name of the game is. It will show your interest.
6. Don't show lack of interest if you are a substitute, tell the captain how the game should be played.
7. Walk around the field and tell the players how to play their positions. Furthermore, tell the others that your misplay could not be prevented, even the best men make a slip.
8. Feel free to criticize the umpire and the other team. Who are they anyway?
9. In softball always run the other fellow off his base. You have as much right on that base as he has.
10. Don't try to remember rules, it is too confusing. Anyway you can argue better if you believe you are right.
11. If you lose a game always "crab" about it for weeks, it will leave a lasting impression and folks will remember you.
12. When playing for money, bet against your own team. This shows that you have confidence.
13. Always ask what the score is and when told be ready to contradict.

Biology II

Experiment 27 - Girls

By RALPH ENG

Purpose: To choose a girl and find out something about female reaction. (This experiment may be continued over a period of years).

Materials: Girls, money, somewhere to go. Optional materials may include a car, yacht or a penthouse.

General Method: A. Choosing a Specimen: It is most important that one choose a good specimen with which to work. Interesting results can often be obtained if you get the right girl. Below are listed a few of the more important factors to look for in your choice.

1. Face and Head: All good specimens have one. The type of face which will stop a clock is not to be recommended. You may want to know the time. Beginners need concern themselves only with whether the specimen has ears, nose, eyes and mouth. Absence of any of these features is a decided handicap. Advanced students, however, often look for such refinements as hair, teeth, eyebrows and eyelashes.
2. Limbs: Be sure your specimen has all four limbs properly attached and in fairly good condition. Little need be said regarding arms although at least one should have a hand on it. In the matter of legs, however, much discretion can be shown. They should, of course, be fixed to the lower end of the torso and be long enough to reach the ground. A fairly straight leg with a well rounded calf (not cows—they bite) and not too large an ankle is preferred although some girls are quite popular even if they look as if their mother had been frightened by a pool table or pipe cleaners before they were born.
3. Figure: This should be somewhat in the shape of a Coke bottle; that is wider at the shoulders than the waist and wider at the hips than the shoulders. (Wide should be regarded with caution. The Pacific is wide, too, but no one wants a specimen that presents a rear view that reminds him of the Pacific Ocean in slacks).

B. Test Procedure:

Test 1: Ask the girl if she wants to go out. This should produce a vigorous positive reaction. If it does not one may conclude that:

- a) She is dead.
- b) She already has a date. c) She doesn't like you.

If the negative reaction occurs repeat part A until a specimen is found which reacts favorably.

WARNING: Do not ask them what she wants to do. It will cost too much!

Test 2: If you take her to the show try to hold her hand.

- a) Should she agree she shows interesting possibilities.
 - b) If she withdraws she shows more interesting possibilities.
- The principle of uncertainty then enters the reaction.

Test 3: After the show ask her if she wants some lunch. She should say yes. If she doesn't, she must be 1, sick; 2, on a diet.

Test 4: After you have taken a girl out a few times, try to kiss her goodnight. If she is agreeable you are progressing favorably and you may class yourself in the advanced student group. If other reactions occur proceed as follows:

1. If she says no, do not be discouraged, she is probably acting coy.
2. If she says no and struggles, don't be discouraged, she is acting coy.
3. If she says no, struggles and slaps your face, do not be discouraged, she is probably acting coy.
4. If she says no, struggles, slaps your face and screams, do not be discouraged, she is probably acting coy.
5. If, however, she says no, struggles, slaps your face, screams, kicks your shin, hits you in the stomach and scratches your face, it most likely means that she does not want to be kissed that night—but do not be discouraged, try again next time.

CONTINUED FROM PREVIOUS PAGE

Test 5: (for advanced students only): This is also known as the "Triangle Test" and is used to measure the devotion of the specimen. If you think the specimen is quite devoted to you take out another one preferably prettier. This should cause the original to boil vigorously. If she does not you have wasted your time.

C. General Hints:

1. Flatter the girl occasionally, but not too often, because the species is subject to a disease called Inflatio Egarum (Inflation of the ego) which is aggravated by flattery.
2. If some one asks you to go on a blind date with a girl and describes her as if she had been poured into her gown, ask if she remembered to say "when."
3. Specimens have a peculiar affinity for gold, precious gems, expensive clothing and furs. The best method for preventing a reaction is to make her wear blinders when going past jewelry or clothing stores. If she objects to this treatment try walking fast and talking faster. You may get her past before she notices anything.

D. Conclusion: If you follow the above instructions and still have a girl friend "you're a better man than I am Gunga Din."

Littleton Bo-Peep Gets Murrayed

LITTLETON Bo-Peep ROSE at DON and after a breakfast of WAEFLERS made from Corn-MEEN, she went out to lead the sheep to GRAYS on the MOORE beyond the RED-WOODS. While turning the heavy KEYS in the big WHITLOCK she HAMMERed on the door to wake the sheep. With a great NOYES they rushed through the OPHUS door and SUTH O'ER LAND past the WOODS. LIGHTFOOTed Bo-Peep hurried after the SPRY LEEtle sheep, her bare TOEWS hardly touching the SHARPE PEEBLES.

The sheep wandered for MILES and after a while LITTLETON Bo-Peep decided to rest while the sheep were MINCHIN grass; she cooled herself by a DITCH full of water, and prepared to eat her lunch. Just as she began DUNCAN her bread, she heard a NOYES behind her.

"Hello!" she said, "WATTS your name?"

"O'BRIEN," he replied.

Now BRIEN was hungry and not bothering to STRINGER a line he asked, "WATSON your basket? I'm very hungry."

LITTLETON Bo-Peep did not see any HASSARD in talking to the strange little boy, so she answered:

"Oh RAISONS and WALDENS and a CRUMMY piece of cake," GIVEN him OLIVER lunch. BRIEN promptly CRAMmed it into his mouth and SWALLOWed every bit. Then he scooped some water out of the DITCH with an old FUNNELL.

"You shouldn't drink out of that old FUNNEL. CAVETT here," said Bo-Peep, HENNING him a cup. "'TISSING TON that way KLAUS you might get sick."

"Don't FREDETTE," said BRIEN, "You're a good COOK," he added.

"COOK? SHAW!" murmured Bo-Peep shyly.

"You're as pretty as a DAHL," he said. "Will you MURRAY me?" he asked SMITH-ing her.

"Can you affORD a wife?" she asked.

"Yes, I have money. MARTIN you can guess and MORR'ISON men have when they MURRAY. McFETER is RICH and I will inherit his MILLS. Let's HUNΓ for your sheep and take a DIETER on the way home past the BISHOP'S. HOWES that?"

And they were MURRAYed and lived happily ever after.

Class Prophecy

(25 years hence)

It is a pleasant afternoon in June of 1972, and, having refreshed ourselves with a dip in the Grande Prairie High School's new silver coated outdoor pool, we relax on the lawn of imported Australian carpet grass. Lying there we observe a paunchy, middle-aged man make his way down the flawless rose tinted super plastic sidewalk, up the flight of synthetic marble stairs and into the spacious hallway of the High School. Pausing at a platinum plaque on the wall, he reads that the school was built way back in 1948 and is dedicated to those students who lost their lives while fighting their way through the halls of the old '29 school. Next to the plaque is a huge map of the new school, set in a shadow box frame of myrtlewood. After studying the map for several minutes he crosses the hall quickly and stands before a row of pearl buttons. He pushes one and the panel slides back revealing the newest thing in elevators. It is atom operated with a fool-proof automatic floor finder. This F.P.A.F.F. is for the benefit of absent-minded teachers who might forget what floor they wanted. We catch the reflection of our friend in one of the full length mirrors and we are surprised to recognize Jack McFetridge, now a world famous brain surgeon. However we can't help but compare his now fifty-six inch waistline with the memory of his trim physique as we once knew it.

Reaching the twenty-seventh floor of the building Dr. McFetridge seeks instructions from a neatly uniformed guide, Miss Catherine Kujath (27 years old daughter of Walter, now retired), who is forced to work part time while she tries vainly to pass Physics 2 taught, we are told, by Art Waefer. As Dr. McFetridge reluctantly takes his leave of the young guide, he is joined by a somewhat matronly friend and former nurse, Lorene Raison. Lorene is married to the Commanding Officer of the city's underground airport. They walk across an ermine fur rug and into a large room bearing the sign "Students Council" in neon lights, which has been reserved for the reunion by the old 1947 graduating class. Mr. and Mrs. Minchin are already there, and of course Kae blushes when she sees they have been caught flirting again. Bill now has a monopoly on all garages in town; Kae runs a drug store in her spare time in which she has installed a special milk bar at which cokes, milkshakes, etc., are distributed to high school students. The four seat themselves on lounges covered with woven gold. A door softly opens behind them, and the principal of the school, Pat Wilson, greets her comrades. However her salutation is lost in a deafening roar and she sighs resignedly and points to the hall doorway where two of her staff members are deposited by an as yet unperfected mechanical janitor which at four thirty p.m. sweeps students, teachers, books, desks and other debris away. Alice Wood and Helen Weibe pick themselves up, regain their usual composure and join their old friends. A light flashes and Pat turns on her combined television-telephone set. It is Professor Ted Lipinski, B.Sc., M.Sc., Ph.D., L.H.B., and B.R.A.I.N.S., who explains that he is frightfully sorry but he got on the wrong space ship and there won't be another leaving Higher Slobvinia for several days. With him is Ralph Eng. Ralph explains that he also is unable to attend since Nancy has been ordered to Higher Slobvinia for her health and he has to stay with her to help look after the children. Ralph retired from his profession of Political Economy after he made a fortune by developing a new postage stamp glue that can't be licked off.

As the vision faded from the screen a cheery "Hello folks" is heard and Muriel Sharpe, looking not a day over thirty, entered the room. Muriel is the owner and manager of the "Sharpe School of Skating," assisted by Barbara Ann Scott whom she defeated in the 1948 Olympics. With Muriel is our old friend Norman Cookshaw. Norman made his fortune

CONTINUED FROM PREVIOUS PAGE

smiling for toothpaste ads, and now, having enjoyed the usual life of a matinee idol is living in retirement in the metropolis of Lethbridge.

At this point a blare of trumpets resounded through the hall and Miss Kujath in a clear bass voice cried: "Announcing Miss Dorothy Watson, O.B.E., and Honorary Life Member of the Society of Freckleless Faces." Stepping aside, she made way for a short, stocky, grey-haired woman. Those already in the room stood with bowed heads as Dorothy strode to the seat of honor. Kae Minchin hurriedly explains to Muriel that Dorothy has been chosen the "Woman of the Century" for discovering a foolproof cream for the abolishment of freckles. However, Dorothy is as sweet and friendly as usual and she motions to her old classmates to relax and simply ignore her rank. Everyone starts talking at once and in the hub-ub they do not hear Vernon Rose honk the horn of his ancient 1950 Studebaker. Vernon lost millions of dollars betting on Model T races and must now scrape a meagre living by running a taxi service for the teaching staff of '47 who just can't break their habit of coffee and toast at the school after four. The group is completed now, and adjusting our jet-propelled space belts, we slip unnoticed through the open window to leave them talk over the "good old days when . . ."

—By AGNES LAWLOR.

On Leaving School

The school was noisy when I first saw it—the kind of noise that is caused by one hundred odd voices talking and laughing at once. A sea of strange faces billowed around me and I found few friends. A shrill peal of a bell cut through the din and the hall was quickly emptied as pupils big and small raced for their rooms to find seats and begin lessons. I was given a desk at the back of the grade ten room, over which presided Mrs. Baker.

As the days passed I grew accustomed and the once strange faces became familiar, each signifying a new and interesting personality. As the days stretched into weeks and the weeks into months, the school settled down to a steady routine and soon it was exam time and one year was over.

It is now nearly four years since I first came to G.P.H.S. and soon it will be time to write my last exams and bid farewell to high school days. I have found many friends here, have seen countless new pupils enter and "old" ones graduate. Many happy hours have I spent in G.P.H.S.—yes, and perhaps a few sad ones, too. Am I sorry to leave? No, for wherever I go, many memories will remain with me, to brighten future paths.

So, to my fellow graduates I wish "Good Luck and Pleasant Journeying," and to my friends and acquaintances which I leave behind—"Many more happy and constructive hours in good old Grande Prairie High School."

A graduate, ALICE WOOD.

Getting out a Year Book is no picnic,
 If we print jokes, people say we are silly.
 If we don't print them, they say we are too serious.
 If we don't print original matter, they say we lack variety.
 If we publish things from other papers, we are too lazy to write.
 If we stay on the job, we ought to be hustling news.
 If we are hustling news, we ought to be attending to business in our department.
 If we don't print all contributions, we don't show proper appreciation.
 If we do print all contributions the annual is filled with junk.
 Like as not some fellow will say that we swiped this from an exchange.
 So we did.

ADVERTISING . . .

The publication of our Year Book was made possible by the
advertisers in this section.

To the public-spirited citizens who have contributed these ads,
we would like to express our sincere gratitude.

Congratulations

TO THE

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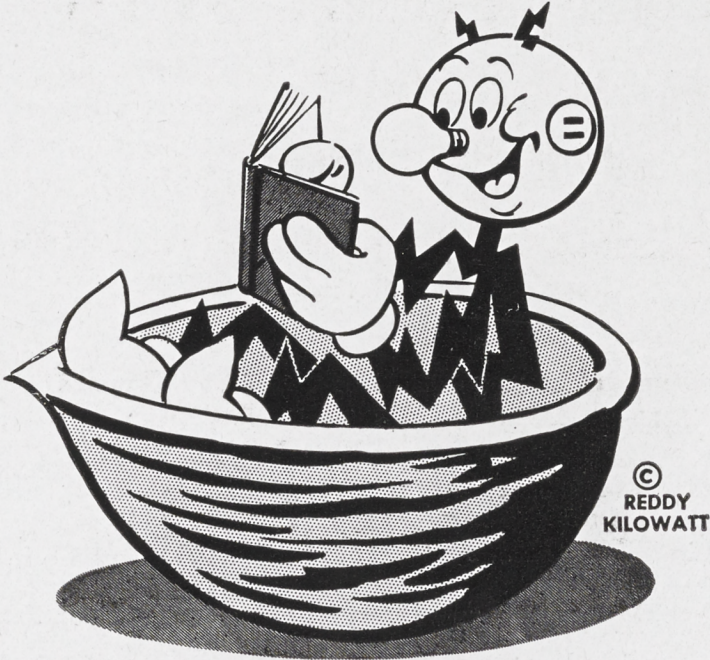


CONGRATULATIONS

TO THE
GRADUATES
OF 1947



GRANDE PRAIRIE - ALBERTA



THE STORY IN A NUT-SHELL!

The last bell has rung—the final examinations have been written—and the school books closed—but education does not stop there.

CONGRATULATIONS and best wishes to the GRANDE PRAIRIE HIGH SCHOOL Graduates! May your future be brighter with the help of Electricity.

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Grande Prairie

LITTLE WILLIE

Willie saw some dynamite,
Couldn't understand it quite;
Curiosity never pays;
It rained Willie seven days.

Little Willie;
Pair of skates;
Hole in ice;
Golden gates?

Little Willie hung his sister;
She was dead before we missed her.
Willie's always up to tricks.
Ain't he cute? He's only six.

Willie, in one of nice new sashes,
Fell in the grate and was burnt to ashes.
Now, although the room grows chilly,
I haven't the heart to poke up Willie.

FRONTIER LUMBER



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GRANDE PRAIRIE

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Fashion

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A
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D

Choice

Foods

at

Bird's

Grocery

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GRANDE PRAIRIE

REPORT CARDS

Time is passing, I am glad;
Time is passing, I'm not sad;
Time is passing, sad my heart;
Time is passing—I am not.

—●—

Too bad about the window washer who
stepped back to admire his work.

—●—

Women's faults are many,
Men have only two:
Everything they say,
And everything they do.

—●—

Mr. Kujath: "What is the outstanding
contribution that Chemistry has given the
world?"

Roy Harper: "Blondes."

REGAL Shoe Store

✱

SHOES FOR THE
FAMILY

✱

FOR FEET'S SAKE

VISIT

Regal Shoe Store

FREE

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(WATCH OUR WINDOW)

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Guaranteed Watch Repairs in 2 Weeks Service

Grande Prairie

NEWTON AND SMART

—●—
CONGRATULATE
THE
GRADUATES
OF THE
CLASS OF 1947
—●—

GRADUATE'S LAMENT

I wish I were in school again
Where the days are happy and gay;
Where you chat to your neighbors,
While Kujath drones on
And you do almost nothing all day.

—●—

I often pause and wonder
At fate's peculiar ways,
For nearly all our famous men
Were born on holidays.

—●—

I wish I were a little minute
In my History class,
Because every little minute
Always seems to pass.

—●—

Of all the sad surprises,
There's none that can compare,
With treading in the darkness
On a step that isn't there.

J. M. CRUMMY Garage Co. Ltd.

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Distributors for Peace River Country of

DODGE-DESOTO CARS – DODGE TRUCKS

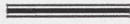
EXPERT MECHANICS

MODERN EQUIPMENT

See Bill Minchin for Services—Class of '47

PHONE 50

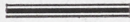
Ford's Meat Market



WISHES TO EXTEND TO THE GRADUATES

CONGRATULATIONS AND BEST WISHES

FOR FUTURE SUCCESS



E. A. Ford
Grande Prairie
PHONE 57

TO A FINE ART

(and to those under 18)

I lay my cue to rest,
As today I did my best.
I raised my score to twenty-four,
Now you can show me to the door.

But who should be in front of me?
None other than Constable Ogilvie.
(And who might he be looking for?)
Standing frowning at the door.

And try to show me one who can rocket,
Just squeeze into a 15 pocket.
For that man, who is a snooper,
Just canned my last game of snooker.

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